

THE CARELESS BACHELOR'S  
GARLAND,

Containing several of the best  
NEW SONGS.

The Careless Bachelor.

English courage displayed; or brave news  
from Admiral Vernon.

Admiral Hosier's ghost.

Fond Damon's love for fair Flavella.

A new hunting song.



Licensed and entered according to order.

The Careless Bachelor's GARLAND.

*The Careless Bachelor.*

**W**HEN I was a Bachelor, O then, O then,  
I could smoke my pipe,  
And carouse all the night;  
The world it went rowling and bowling,  
And the world it went very well with me,

O then.

I marry'd a wife, O then, O then,  
I marry'd a wife, O then;  
I marry'd a wife, and she plagued my life,  
Oh! the world it went worser and worser,  
And the world it went very bad, &c.

My wife she fell sick, O then, O then,  
My wife she fell sick,  
And in labour was it,  
And the world it went worser and worser,  
And the world it went very bad & c.

My wife and child died, O then, O then,  
My wife and child died.  
But the devil a tear I cry'd  
The world it went rowling and bowling,  
And the world it went very well, &c.  
I went to the grave, O then, O then,  
And the piper did play,

And we danc'd all the way,  
The world it went rowling and bowling,  
And the world it went very well, &c.

I went to a Tavern, O then, O then,  
And there did I 'spy a bonny black lass,  
And her eyes they did shine like any glass,  
The world it went rowling and bowling,  
And the world it went very well, &c.

I marry'd a worse, O then, O then,  
I marry'd a worse,  
And she carried the purse;  
The world it went worser and worser,  
And the world it went very bad, &c.

I went to my garden, O then, O then,  
I went to my garden,  
And wish'd for my old wife again,  
Repenting my bargain,  
And wish'd for my old wife again.

English courage displayed; Or brave news from Admiral  
Vernon. Tune of, Charles of Sweden.

COME loyal Britons all rejoice with joyful acclamation,  
And join with one united voice upon this just occasion,  
To Admiral Vernon drink a health likewise to each brave fellow,  
Who with that noble Admiral was at the taking of Porto Bello.

From Jamaica he did sail with Com. Brown to attend him,  
Against the Spaniards to prevail, for which we must commend him.  
At Porto Bello he arrived, where each brave gallant fellow,  
With Admiral Vernon bravely fought at the taking of Porto Bello.

Two men of war of twenty guns, likewise five guarda costa's  
They in the harbour quickly took, to surrender they were forc'd fr,  
Then the Town he summon'd straight, to surrender at his will O,  
Which they refusing, he did then bombard the town of Porto Bello.

He did bombard it above two days, and they again return'd it,  
The bombs and mortars they did play, he vow'd that would burn it;  
Which when they came to understand that he was so brave a fellow,  
They did surrender out of hand the town of Porto Bello.

Then with his men he went on shore, who straight began to plunder,  
'Tis as they serv'd our Ships before, and therefore it is no wonder,  
With plenty of rum and good strong wine our men did soon get mellow,  
Then swore that never a house should stand in the town of Porto Bello.

The Governor to Admiral sent, and to him made an offer,  
Of thirty thousand pieces of Eight, the Houses to save did proffer;  
Which the Admiral did accept with a right and free good will O,  
And therefore let the houses stand in the town of Porto Bellow.

The Iron castle he destroyed, and all their guns he seiz'd,  
The Spaniards ne'er were more annoy'd, he did just what he pleas'd,  
The South Sea snow he did release, and many a stout English fellow,  
For they from plunder could not be kept in the town of Poto Bello.

Besides brave Vernon freely gave amongst his men as follows,  
Who bravely did themselves behave, full thirty thousand dollars;  
This must their courage animate, each tar is a rich fellow,  
And this is good encouragement, for the taking of Porto Bello.

When he had staid there nineteen days with full resentment fir'd,  
Their forts demolish'd and castles raz'd, he from them then retir'd,  
But first he to Panama sent for many a gallant fellow,  
Who in prison lay confin'd to be brought to Porto Bello.

While trumpets they did loudly sound, and colours were displaying;  
The prizes he with him brought away, while sailors were huzzaing;  
And when they to Jamaica came, a glorious tale to tell O,  
Of the noble actions they had done in the taking of Porto Bello.

To Admiral Vernon toss a glass, may heaven protect and defend him  
And also to the captain of each ship, may heaven also protect them.  
To Commodore Brown toss another down, and to each brave fellow,  
Who did so bravely play their part at the taking of Porto Bello.

Admiral



*Admiral Hosier's Ghost.*

**A**S near porto bellow lying,  
 On the gentle swelling flood,  
 At midnight with streamers flying,  
 Our triumphant navy rode,  
 There, while vernon fate all glorious  
 From the Spaniard's defeat,  
 And his crew with shouts victorious,  
 Drank success to England's Fleet.

On a sudden, shrilly sounding,  
 Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;  
 Then each heart with fear confounding,  
 A sad Troop of ghosts appear'd;  
 All in dreary hammocks shrouded,  
 Which for winding sheets they wore;  
 And with looks by sorrow clouded,  
 Frowning on the hostile shore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,  
 When the shade of Hosier brave,  
 His pale hands were seen to muster,  
 Rising from the wat'ry grave.  
 O'er the glimring wave he hy'd him,  
 Where the Burford rear'd her sail,  
 With three thousand ghosts beside him,  
 And in groans did Vernon hail.

Heed Oh heed! our fatal story,  
 I am Hosier's injur'd ghost:  
 You who now have purchas'd glory,  
 At the place where I was lost;

Tho' in porto bello's ruin,  
You now triumph free from fears,  
When you think on our Undoing,  
You will mix your joy with tears.  
See these mournful spectres sweeping,  
Ghastly, o'er the hated wave:  
Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping,  
These were English captains brave;  
Mark those numbers pale and horrid,  
Who were once my sailors bold,  
Lo, each hangs his drooping forehead,  
While his dismal fate is told.  
I, by twenty sail attended,  
Did the Spanish town affright;  
Nothing then its wealth defended,  
But my orders not to fight:  
Oh! that in this rolling Ocean,  
I had cast them with disdain,  
And obey'd my heart's warm motion,  
To reduce the pride of Spain.  
For resistance I could fear none,  
But with twenty ships had done,  
What thou brave and happy Vernon,  
Hast atchiev'd with six alone,  
Then the Bastimento's never,  
Had our soul dishonour seen,  
Nor the sea the sad Receiver,  
Of this gallant train had been.  
Thus like thee, proud Spain, dismaying,  
And her Galleons leading home,  
Tho' condemn'd for disobeying,  
I had met a traitor's doom:

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To have fallen, my country crying,  
He has play'd an English part,  
Had been better far than dying,  
Of a griev'd and broken heart.

Unrepining at thy glory,  
Thy successful arms I hail;  
But remember our sad story,  
And let Hosier's wrong's prevail;  
After this proud foe subduing, -  
When your patriot friends you see,  
Think on vengeance for my ruin,  
And for England sham'd in me.

*Fond Damon's love for fair Flavella.*

WHEN first by fond Damon Flavella was seen,  
He slightly regarded her air and her mein,  
The Charms of her mind he alone did commend,  
Nor warm as a lover but cool as a friend;  
From friendship her passion his raptures did move,  
And the swain brag'd his heart was a stranger to love.

New charms she discover'd as more she was known,  
Her face grew a wonder, her taste was his own;  
Her manners were gentle, her sense was refin'd,  
And oh what dear virtues spring forth in her mind;  
Yet, still for the sanction of Friendship he strove,  
Till a sigh gave the omen and shew'd it was love.

Now proud to be conquer'd he sighs for the fair,  
Grows dull to all pleasures but being with her;  
He's mute while his heart-strings are ready to break,  
For fear of offending, forbids him to speak,  
And wanders a willing example to prove,  
That friendship with women is sister to love.

A lover

A lover thus conquer'd can give offence,  
 Not a dupe to her smiles but a slave to her sense;  
 His passion not wrinkles, nor age can allay,  
 Since founded on that which can ne'er decay;  
 And time that will beauty and empire remove.  
 Increasing her reason increases his love.

*A new Hunting song.*

**H**ARK the Huntsman begun to sound his shrill  
 horn,

Come quickly unkennel the hounds;  
 Such a beautiful glittering golden-ey'd morn,  
 We'll chace the Fox over the grounds.

See yonder's old reynard, so crafty and fly,  
 Come saddle your Coursers a-pace;  
 For the hound's have a scent and they're all  
 full cry,

They long to be giving him chace.

The huntsmen are mounted, their steeds feel the  
 spur,

And swiftly they scour it a long;  
 Rapid after the fox, runs each musical cur,  
 Follow Follow my boys is the song.

Over hills, over mountains, they skim it away,  
 Now reynard's almost out of sight,  
 But rather than loose him we'll spend all the day  
 For hunting is all our delight.

By eager pursuing we'll have him at last,  
 He's tired poor rogue down he lies,  
 He starts up a fresh, but young Sharp has him fast  
 He trembles, kicks, struggles, and dies.

F I N I S.